

## SONNET XXVIII.



HELL may my soul, immortal  
and divine, That is  
imprisoned in a lump of clay,  
Breathe out laments until this  
body pine.

That from her takes her pleasures  
all away. Pine then, thou loathed prison of  
my life!

Untoward subject of the least  
aggrievance ! O let me die! Mortality  
is rife !

Death comes by wounds, by sickness, care,  
and chance. O earth, the time will come  
when I'll resume thee,

And in thy bosom make my resting-  
place; Then do not unto hardest  
sentence doom me!

Yield, yield betimes! I must, and will have  
grace ! " Richly shalt thou be entombed !  
since for thy grave, FIDESSA, fair FIDESSA !  
thou shalt have ! "

## SONNET XXIX,



ARTH! take this earth wherein my spirits  
languish ! Spirits, leave this earth that  
doth in griefs retain ! Griefs, chase this  
earth, that it may fade with  
anguish!

Spirits, avoid these furies which do pain  
you! O leave your loathsome prison !  
Freedom, gain you!

Your essence is divine ! Great is your  
power ! And yet you moan your wrongs and  
sore complain you,

Hoping for joy, which fadeth every hour! O  
Spirits, your prison loathe, and freedom gain  
you 1

The Destinies, in deep laments, have  
shut you, Of mortal hate ! because they do  
disdain you !

And yet of joy that they in prison put  
you. Earth, take this earth with thee to be  
enclosed! Life is to me, and I to it,  
opposed !